

UNION FLAG.



VOLUME I.

JONESBOROUGH, TENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1865.

NUMBER 25.

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OFFICE in John B. McLin's Law Office.

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OFFICE in Court House.

[sep229y]

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AND

Collecting Agent,

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WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS

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Carter, Jefferson, Johnson, and Sullivan;

also, in the Supreme and Federal Courts at

Knoxville.

June2-1y.

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GREENEVILLE, TENN.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE STATE COURTS

in the Counties of Greene, Washington,

and Cocke, and in the Federal and Supreme

Courts at Knoxville.

[ju30-1y.]

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Cherry Grove,

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OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE

CITIZENS OF BUFFALO RIDGE, and surrounding

country. OFFICE at the Residence of Samuel D.

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oct. 27 1y*

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S. C. I.

Tenn. Cav.

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PROSECUTE CLAIMS AGAINST THE

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Special Attention paid to making out OF-

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PAYMENTS, AND TO THE COLLECTION OF

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Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Boots,

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of Cumberland,

Knoxville, Tennessee.

PLEASE GIVE US A CALL. [ju2-1f.]

J. L. ROSS,

Public Auctioneer,

Jonesboro', Tenn.

oct 1 1865

G. E. GRISHAM,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms.

The UNION FLAG will be published

every Friday Morning, on the following

terms:

One copy, per year, \$3 00

Six months, 2 00

Single copy, 10 cents.

No attention will be paid to orders for the

paper, unless accompanied by the Cash.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 50

per square, (ten lines or less), for the first

insertion, and 75 cents for each continuance.

A liberal deduction will be made to yearly

advertisers.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES—For County

offices, \$5 00; State, \$10 00.

Job-Printing, of all descriptions, neatly

executed.

All communications tending to per-

sonal aggrandizement or emolument will be

charged the same as advertisements.

POETRY.

Oh! Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Like a swift-flying meteor, a fast-flying cloud,

A flash of lightning, a break of the wave,

He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade;

But scattered around and together be laid;

And the young and the old, and the low and the high,

Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;

The mother that infant's affection who proved;

The husband that mother and infant who blessed

Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,

The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;

The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave

Are hidden and low in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;

The herdsman, who climbed with his goat up the steep

The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,

Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;

The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;

The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,

Have quietly mingled their bones to dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed

That withers away to let others succeed;

So the multitude comes, even those we behold,

To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;

We see the same night our fathers have seen;

We drink the same stream and view the same sun,

And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;

From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;

To the life we are clinging they also would cling,

But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;

They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;

They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;

They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, as they lived; we things that are now,

That walk on the dust that lies over their brow,

And make in their dwellings a transient abode,

Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

'Tis the wink of the eye, 'tis the draught of the breath,

From the blossom of health to the pale lips of death;

From the gilded saloon to the her and the shroud—

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THRILLING ADVENTURES

OF

Lieut. George W. Douglass,

OF THE EIGHTH EAST TENNESSEE INFANTRY

THE RENOWNED UNION SCOUT AND

PILOT.

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CHAPTER XV.

JOIN THE SECOND EAST TENNESSEE CAVALRY

—A SCOUT OVERTAKE AND DEFEATED.

On the 12th of February, 1862, being tired

of scouting, and in fact nearly worn out from

incessant exertions, I resolved to secure trans-

port papers and attach myself to Co. "C," 2nd

Tennessee Cavalry, which I did, feeling that

it was my duty to be in the service of my

country in some capacity, and helping in some

way to keep up offensive operations against

the rebels—who, by this time, began to ex-

hibit plain and unmistakable evidences of

their weakness, by falling back, and losing

vast portions of their originally assumed

territory. They tried to make the world be-

lieve that these movements upon their part,

were simply strategic, but every intelligent

being, who understood anything whatever, of

military operations, knew very well that every

foot of territory they relinquished, was with

them, a dire necessity—forced upon them by

the magnitude of the power concentrated

against them.

Once more in the regular service, I found

it to be a considerable item to bring down

my roving, wandering, free disposition to a

governable status. A soldier, to be a true

one, must learn first of all, to be strictly ob-

edient to his superior officers—this is a seem-

ing officers. It is true, that there are men

frequently promoted to office, who are entire-

ly unworthy of such positions, and who are

generally found out and tried by Courts-Mar-

tial for acts unbecoming gentlemen and of-

ficers—and at times, examples are made,

when they are dismissed the service in dis-

grace.

But I soon learned to love camp-life, and

after having drawn a comfortable set of

clothing, I was well pleased with my new po-

sition.

We were continually sent out to the front

to watch the enemy—very frequently getting

into skirmishes, sometimes being too weak

for our foe—then again, driving them helter-

skeiter, through the mountain passes, back

upon their main force. Thus fortune varied,

with no immediate or permanent good being

accomplished for the success of either side.

It was in one of these engagements, that

I came near losing the grant of fresh air,

which I had managed to secure in my infan-

try. Our company was sent to the front to

ascertain the exact position of the rebel

forces. We left camp about 3 o'clock in the

morning with orders to return, if possible, the

same day. We scouted over a most miserable

road—until we reached the neighborhood of

Cumberland Gap—we discovered the camp-

fires of the enemy. I mentioned to my Captain

my apprehensions of having proceeded too far

—believing that there was an advanced pick-

et guard of the enemy secreted in the moun-

tains, ready to fall into our rear, and block-

ade us, and thus insure our capture or de-

struction. But he did not seem to pay much

attention to my suggestion, and pushed for-

ward until the aforesaid rebel camp came full

into view. Taking out his glasses, he sur-

veyed them calmly; then turning to me, re-

marked, "they have discovered us, and are

preparing to attack us—what shall we do?"

I took the glasses, and one glance was suf-

ficient to satisfy me of our perilous condi-

tion. There was a column of at least two

hundred rebel cavalry coming at full speed

down the mountain slope, and but fifteen

minutes could elapse ere they would reach

the position we occupied. To have attempt-

ed to risk an engagement with our inferior

force, would have been the height of folly,

and I told the Captain, that if we did not

make haste and get to the rear, we would cer-

tainly all be captured or killed. He, this

time, became fully aroused to a sense of his

danger, and ordered a retreat; but, as I an-

ticipated, the order was deferred till it was

too late—and we had scarcely gotten a mile,